

Donut: A Red vs Blue Tale

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Category: Halo

Genre: Humor, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2007-12-10 15:18:54

Updated: 2007-12-10 15:18:54

Packaged: 2016-04-26 22:10:41

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 601

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Its Donuts' turn now! sorry its kinda late... I kept walking in on him in his bubble baths... 'And I am the helpful narrator. A faceless voice used by poor writers. '

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Hey Guys! Welcome to my mental pad! C'mere, you muscle-person, you! Sit next to me and hear my sexy life story! Don't forget the popcorn! And the lotion! I might want a massage afterward!

After I was born, my dad left my mom. She (being mental, as it were) decided it was my fault, and prosecuted me for it. Because of this, I grew up hating women, much, much, more than most boys my age.

When I was in junior high, I had my first kiss. But. Not with a girl.

I had seen my friend kiss a girl behind a door of the classroom I was in for lunch. It looked really good. I just couldn't figure out why he was kissing a GIRL! Girls were evil, hot-tempered people that grow up to hate their kids!

I cornered him in a bathroom stall. I kissed him. YUCK! Why was a kiss so exiting to people? It was disgusting! He called me gay, and Kicked me in the balls; declared me his friend "no more!" I vowed off girls AND guys forever.

My mom found out, of course. She didn't care. She just took a pull, and laughed. BIG mistake! She choked, and swallowed that hot stick of death and died of a Gastro-intestinal explosion. AKA the cig ignited her stomach acids, that went down her intestines, and hit her gas. Yeechhhh! I had turds in my hair for days! I was then placed in a foster home.

My foster parents weren't so bad. Both my dads loved me, bought me almost anything I wanted; from a Nintendo QS(quad Screen), to a Playstation 92. I even got one of those Ancient DeLorean's, and a Hamer Bass! I sold those two to a museum for 12 billion laser beams each! My wallet was so full, I had to get four! I was so happy! I got one for each cheek now!

Eventually, during high school, I was visited by the Red Armed Space Marines. That's when I got my real name. See, my mom lost my Birth Certificate, and called me Jerry., because she had forgotten my real name. It was a pure fluke. I was ordering a doughnut, and when the guy asked my name, I said "doughnut". It stuck like glaze to pastry.

Well, I went through my training pretty fast, and I learned how to shoot a pistol; actually, two, if you count my natural one! I got shipped out after that. They sent me to a place called " Bloodgulch Outpost Number One". My sergeant is a funny guy. He likes to kill Grif, a guy that does hardly anything at all. And Simmons, he records all the Sarge/Grif Antics on his helmet camera. He showed me the "Puma Incident". He's a funny guy. Kind of, at least.

Anyways, the story goes like this: I get mortally wounded, get a new set of armor with grenade tossing extensions built in, and such. I got the wrong armor color, and then kicked that she-devil's ass with a grenade. Total awesome payback. Then, we go places. Like we went after some Evil AI named O'Malley, recapturing Lopez's head, and me getting the sperm squished out of me by a blue transport ship. I met this awesome blue guy, and we became enemy-friends, and we had sleepovers, and he called me "Admiral Poppin' Fresh"!

Well, that's it. Come by later for some homemade Muffins!! and some sexy backrubs!

End
file.